

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

GOOD-BYE, FRITZY.

Ven I vas hime in deitscher land,
I louf Lou-i-sa Schmidt,
She told me I would broke her heart,
If could my country gwit ;
But I vas poor und so vas she,
So I sait—I must go vay,
Und on A-mer-i-gan I got rich den,
I come back some day.

Good-bye Fritz-y, ven you vas a vay,
Write me a led-der louf,
Don't forget it louf,
Good-bye Fritz-y ven you vas a vay,
Don't forget your poor Lou-i-sa.

My Louisa she vas peautiful,
I don't forget her face,
I tink aboud her efery time,
I'm eading Switzer Kase ;
I make me blenty money now,
By bakin dwisted bread ;
I tink dot soon I vill go back,
Und den I vill be ved.

SPOKEN. — But still all de time I stay in dese country, I don't forget dose peautiful vords she sait ven I come avay.

Good-bye Fritz-y, ven you vas a vay,
Write me a led-der louf,
Don't you for-get it louf,
Good-bye Fritz-y ven you vas a vay,
Don't forget your poor Lou-i-sa.

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